McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXI. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1884. NUMBER 7

McKean County Miner

L. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[Mail arrives, departs, closes]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

[Meeting notices]

I. O. O. F.

[Meeting notices]

Church Directory.

[Church services]

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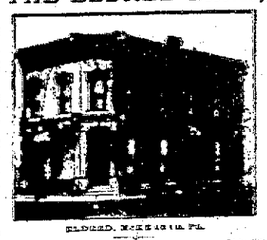

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Miscellaneous.

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in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

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WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

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when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

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FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And offer work warranted to be of the most durable kind.

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Select Poetry.

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

Do not count, when day is o'er,
Hasty loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them duly, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some human path assailed you,
Or the fiend most trusted fanned you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest truth,
Cast the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the pens of memory write
Only what is fair and bright.
Set all evil things go by;
Still, with brave endeavor, try
Sample joys to multiply.

Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come;
Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine smile again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,
Long as we have with us here
Some sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as how! girls sorrow o'erwhelms,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

Miscellaneous.

A BLIZZARD.

Carrie Welton locked the school-house door and walked down the dusty highway toward the farmhouse she called home. She was very tired, and the long road before her seemed interminable. Just then there was a sound of wheels, and a span of bay horses were reined up close beside her.

'Would you like to ride home, Miss Welton?' some one said.

Carrie looked up in the sunburned face of Alexander Hall. There was no smile in his grave eyes, and a shadow of a frown was visible on his brow.

'I thank you no. I would prefer to walk,' Carrie responded.

'Very well. Get up, ponies,' a

And the span and buggy whirled past her, leaving a cloud of dust to settle upon her linen dress and straw hat as she trudged along the highway, looking very flushed and very angry.

'The idea of his thinking I would make up with him in this way! He will have to apologize before I ride with him again. I could see by his face that he was just as set and stubborn as ever. No doubt he intended to give me another lecture, and thought this would be a splendid opportunity. He will learn that I have some dignity, I can tell him.'

Carrie was so tired she ate but very little supper that night, and retired early to her room to think over matters in solitude, away from the chattering tongue of good Mrs. Smith, who felt it her solemn duty to 'entertain' her boarder—said entertainment consisting in recitations of the neighborhood affairs, past and present.

When Carrie felt well and happy, and was not worn out with her day's work, she bore this very heroically.

But to-night she was too nervous to endure the ordeal. Mrs. Smith's voice grated upon her nerves like the filing of a saw, and the few to her room for protection, pleading headache. In truth, it was heartache which troubled the girl.

During the last six months she and Alexander Hall had been very good friends—such very good friends that they were, in fact, lovers, and needed only a few words which would have been spoken ere this, but for an unexpected event.

Smithtown boasted of two stores, which of course were visited at certain periods by drummers. One of these, a handsome, dashing fellow, had recently made it in his way to pass Sunday in Smithtown. Every one in the little town knew why he had remained.

He had chanced to see Carrie Welton one evening at the store making some purchases, and he was not at all slow to express his admiration for the teacher.

He begged the favor of an introduction, which, owing to the somewhat informal manners of Smithtown society it was not difficult to obtain, since everybody knew everybody there, and the handsome agent seemed a very nice fellow indeed, one whom all young ladies would be glad to consider an acquaintance.

Mr. Parker attended church the following Sabbath, and walked home with Carrie, much to the indignation of Alexander Hall.

He took it upon himself to say some very cutting things to Carrie when they next met, to rebuke her for her readiness to receive attention from a clothier's 'dummy,' as he called Mr. Parker, and they had parted in anger.

Their next meeting was that on the dusty road.

Carrie congratulated herself upon her behavior, and then cried herself to sleep. But she was sure he would come again in a day or two, and then she would be a little more gracious, and take him back into her favor, for really Smithtown was very dull without him.

But Alex Hall did not come the next day, or the next, and a whole week went by without her seeing him.

Then a strange report came to her ears.

'Alex Hall has an auction to-day,' one of her pupils remarked.

'An auction! What for?' Carrie asked, wonderingly.

'Why, he's going away—going to take up a claim in Dakota. He's sold his farm to Mr. Roberts, and to-day he sells off his horses and his machinery.'

'Does his mother go with him?' asked Carrie, with a dull pain at her heart.

'No; she is going to live, to live with her daughter. Of course, the farm belongs to her, and the money will be hers; and she says she does not want to go into a new country. But Alex is wild to go, and pa says he will be a rich man in a few years—that land out there will sell for a big price.

It was not a very orderly school the remainder of that day. Carrie seemed to be in a sort of a nightmare.

Could it be true? And he was going away without coming to say good-bye to her, and this shadow between them?

But he did, all the same. Three horrible days and nights went by, and then she saw him pass the school-house on the way to the afternoon train which would bear him away from Smithtown.

It was the noon hour, and she and several of the larger girls were sitting under a spreading oak, watching the smaller children play 'Ring around the roses.'

As he passed he swung his hat to the children, with whom he was a great favorite, and said: 'Good-bye, girls! good-bye, boys! I am off for Dakota!' And then he was gone.

How the dreadful weeks wore by Carrie never could tell. But they did go by, and the end of the term came at last, in August.

It was three months since Alex Hall had gone. Mr. Parker had visited Smithtown once during that time, and had been astounded to have Miss Welton turn her back upon him very deliberately when she met him in the village store.

He was not accustomed to this sort of treatment from pretty girls in small villages; for Mr. Parker was one of the young men who had 'a sweetheart in every port,' and he had fully resolved to make Miss Welton his Smithtown sweetheart; and now all his plans were upset by the very disdainful manner of that young lady herself.

He sought an explanation by post but his billet doux was never noticed, and he was obliged to look elsewhere for a sweetheart to make his number good.

The very day that school closed Carrie received a letter from her Uncle Tom.

Uncle Tom was her only near relative, a roving man of Bohemian tastes, a sort of Jack-at-all-trades, and good at none. But now he seemed to have found a location where he would be liable to remain for some time.

'I am in Dakota,' he wrote, 'and I've taken up the very nicest claim you ever saw—one hundred and sixty acres. I have built me a little house, and I keep old bachelor's hall. I go where I please in the day. I'm only five miles from the railroad, and people are coming in and villages going up fast. I have plenty to do and see—oh lots of carpenter work, to keep me in living expenses, and then I go back to my shanty and sleep nights. You know I was a soldier two years in the late war. Well, that counts just so much time on my land; and when I once own it, I can sell it, or keep it for a homestead, as I choose. Now, I've been thinking of you Carrie. There is a splendid quarter-section a little way from mine. It will be picked up soon, and if you want to make money, and have the grit to stand roughing it, you'd better be the girl to pick it up. You must have saved up something, teaching as steadily as you have for five years. It would cost but little to come out here on a landholder's ticket, but a little more to put up a small cabin, and but a little more to keep you for six months, and then you just about own your land—at least you've only got to make periodical visits to it after that. And you can find enough to do out here in the meantime. And you can wear you old clothes, and dress as well as the best of them. And in a few years you'll be a rich woman, Carrie, for this land will sell at a good price, and it is so admirably located, and so fertile.'

Carrie no sooner finished the letter than her decision was formed to go. She hated Smithtown and everybody in it, and the further she could get away, the better.

She wrote to her uncle that she would arrive within the next three weeks, and she was with him in less than two.

'I have the lumber all ready for your little house,' he said, as he drove her from the station to his 'bachelor hall.'

Somehow she was lighter-hearted and happier since she knew she was in Dakota than she had been for months, she hardly knew why, she did not admit even to herself. It was because she was in the same country with Alex Hall. It gave her a sense of companionship—this very knowledge.

'In the morning I will take you out and show you your claim,' continued her uncle. 'And I've chosen the site for your cabin. It'll be about a mile from mine—just a nice walk for you when you get lonesome.'

The next morning was bright and sunny, but, of course, windy.

'What a wind! Does it often blow like this?' asked Carrie, as they rode along over the smooth prairie.

'Wind! Why, this is a calm day, my dear,' said Uncle Tom. 'Just wait until you have seen a Dakota blizzard, my dear before you talk of wind.'

By-and-by they came to Carrie's 'quarter-section,' as Uncle Tom called it.

Carrie could not see where it began or left off; she told Uncle Tom. It was like all the rest of the country—just land, nothing more; prairie melting into prairie as far as the eye could reach.

'Well, but I know where the invisible lines lie,' responded Uncle Tom. 'Now, over yonder, on that knoll your cabin will be built after we have attended to the legal formalities; and that is the extreme southern limit of your claim. A little south of it there is a slight ravine and then another knoll. The ravine is the dividing line between two quarter-sections.'

'Who owns the other one?' asked Carrie, anxious to know who might be her neighbor.

'I don't believe its taken, though I heard something about it the other day. Some fellow was looking it up, I believe. There are dozens of them around almost daily. That was the reason I was in a hurry for you to come,' she said. 'I am not hurt in the least.'

Alex broke into a laugh.

'Come over?' he repeated. 'It is you who have come over, Miss Carrie, you made the first call in spite of yourself. And very glad I am to see you, even in this uncermonious manner.'

'What do you mean?' she asked.

'I mean that you came, house and all, and planted yourself right in my dooryard with a thunderous clatter. I thought the whole village had arrived. It is a wonder your neck was not broken, my dear. Are you sure you are not injured?'

Carrie rose to her feet and stood quite steadily for a moment. Then she wavered, and his arms caught her.

'I am only unnerved,' she said, half sobbing. 'Do you really mean, Alex, that my house blew over into your yard?'

'I mean just that, Carrie. I always thought your cabin rather shaky—mine is twice as substantial—and now you will be obliged to accept my hospitality for the present. Fortunately I have a man and his wife stopping with me this week—friends of mine from Northern Dakota, whom I am entertaining until they get a house built. They have slept soundly through all this blizzard. They are used to the country. But I will awaken the good woman now, and she shall attend to you.'

The next day Alex said to her:

'Since you unbent sufficiently to call upon me in such an uncermonious manner, Carrie, before I begged your pardon for my old disagreeable meanness, can't you stoop still further and marry me, now that I do most humbly crave your forgiveness? I have always loved you.'

Of course, Carrie could not refuse.

'Pon my soul!' said Uncle Tom, when he had heard the whole story. 'It is better than a magazine yarn. You're the heroine, Carrie, and Alex is the hero, and I'm the sort of good angel, you know, that fixes up things.'

'You and the blizzard,' laughed Carrie.

Rowell Acquitted of Lynch's Murder.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 31.—The jury in the Rowell-Lynch murder trial has brought in a verdict of 'not guilty' on the ground of self defense. At a late hour last night Palmer was hung in effigy in full view of his place of business and of the room occupied by Judge Haight at the St. James Hotel. Across the legs a board was fastened bearing the words: 'Sneak Palmer, author of the crime.' It was removed this morning by the Sheriff, but not before many had seen it, and it served its purpose.

The verdict was received with wild enthusiasm, and Rowell became the recipient of ovations at the Court house and the Washburn house, where he received the congratulations of his friends. Palmer was burned in effigy and bonfires were lighted along the main street. Palmer went to a hotel and escaped being mobbed by getting out through a back window while the crowd was in front of the hotel.

Faded Hopes.

A young man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade yesterday, when an acquaintance came up and called out:

'Hello! Thomas—out of a job!'

'Yes, out of a job,' was the sad reply.

'No! Why you were porter for a wholesale house for three years past.'

'Just so, but I've been discharged.'

'Is that so; have trouble with the boss?'

'No, not exactly. You see I went into the house to work my way up. The first Christmas I ought to have been promoted to salesman, but I wasn't. The second Christmas I ought to have been offered a partnership for my faithful services, but the offer didn't come. This year I ought to have married the daughter of the senior partner and found a house and lot in my Christmas stocking, but that prospect has now departed.'

'And you left?'

'Well, I overhauled the old man on the street-car yesterday, and intimated that I was ready to do my part, but he never let on that he knew me. This morning I was told that our services were no longer needed.'

'But can the house run without you?'

'It may possibly squeeze along, but if there's a failure it must not be laid up agin me. Do you know of any bank where a man can begin as watchman and work up to marry the President's widow? I think I'll try that business for a spell.'

We Call Them Tramps.

A recent trip of the City of Chester of the Inman line from New York to Liverpool was enlivened by the wit of a Washington girl, who was the favorite passenger. In the same steamer was a young English snob who wore a suit of very large plaid with a fatigue cap to match, a single eye glass, thick soled boots, spotted shirt and loud necktie. He had that exasperating drawl peculiar to English snobs.

'Aw, yass,' said he, in conversation with the Washington girl, 'I have seen the countway. I have been in Yawk, Chicago, Omaha and the other places, and it is gwate countway; but you don't seem to have any gentry in America.'

'What do you mean by gentry?' asked the young lady.

'Aw, why people you know, who live without work.'

'Oh, yes, we have such people,' answered the young lady, 'but we don't call them gentry.'

'Aw, what do you call them, pway?'

'We call them tramps.'

Aw.'

The knack of foretelling the weather—the Almanac.

He Sold Himself Cheap.

A hat-finisher in one of the hat-factories here applied for a pension, and in his application stated that on account of disease contracted in the army he could not do more than half work.

One day there appeared in his shop a long, lank individual in a long, lank ulster, who took quite an interest in hat-making. He was especially pleased with the finishing. He came around to where our friend was at work, and after watching his motions a moment said:

'Are you new at the business?'

'New! What makes you think I'm new?' hastily asked our friend.

'Nothing,' said the long, lank man, pleasantly, 'only that I thought you didn't work as fast as the others.'

'Fast as the others!' gasped our friend. 'I'll bet five dollars,' he added with spirit, 'that I can finish more hats than any other man in this shop.'

A few days later the rapid hat-finisher received word that his petition for a pension was refused.

The long, lank man in the long ulster was a detective in the employ of the Pension Bureau.

Neck and Neck.

An Austin man who was a candidate for a certain political office, was badly beaten at the polls by one whom we will designate as Brown. The next day the defeated candidate strolled into a saloon where he owed a considerable bill, and with an air of deep dejection, called for a toddy. After drinking it he remarked to the bartender:

'Don't you feel sorry that I was defeated yesterday?'

'Not a blamed bit,' replied the vivacious saloon keeper.

'But don't you see if I had been elected I could have paid you my bar bill, but now you will have to wait on me a spell.'

'Yes, that's all right enough,' said the saloon keeper, 'but if you had been elected Brown would have been defeated, and Brown owes me twice as big a bar bill as yours.'

'Great Heavens!' 'Can this be true?' Alas, too late I have discovered the secret of Brown's popularity. He probably owes all the saloons and everybody in town, and they were all anxious to get their pay. Give me another toddy. I'll try to make up for lost time, and when the next election comes off I'll be neck and neck with him, if not a little ahead.'

English as She is Spoke in Indiana.

Great are the capabilities of the English language. A wayfaring Indianapolis man in search of a cigar went into a grocery store in a very small and rural village, not two hundred miles from this city. The young woman presiding produced a box containing the desired articles, and when asked the price thereof gave voice to the following mystical language:

'Them there's two-fers.'

'Two-fers!' repeated the bewildered Indianapolis man. 'What in the name of sense is a 'two-fer?'

'Why, two fer a nickel,' replied the young woman, with an air of disgusted astonishment at some folks' ignorance.

'Oh, I see,' said the enlightened Hoosier. 'Well, if you have any 'one-fers,' let me have a look at them.'

The purchase of the 'one-fer' was made and the wayfaring man withdrew.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Struck Oil.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A lady richly dressed sat in a corner of the car and said to some one with her:

'I smell kerosene oil.'

So do I,' answered her friend.

One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet-looking man near the door.

'I believe he's got the oil,' she said in a stage whisper to her friend.

'I know it,' replied her friend. 'There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene in the street cars. Such an odor!' and she glared at the little man.

'I shall inform the president of the road,' said the first lady aloud.

'I shall inform the superintendent of the road,' said her friend, with a fixed and glassy stare.

'Ladies,' said the little man, cheerfully, 'hadn't you better move? The kerosene from the lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on ye ever since we started, but seein' ye both know so much I thought I would not say anything.—*Free Press.*

Rev. A. R. Bartlett.

As DeWitt C. Pease, of New York, stepped from a Michigan Central train in this city yesterday, a handsome young lady skipped up to him, threw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying:

'Oh, papa! I'm so glad you have come.'

Mr. Pease threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face and horror stood in her eye.

Oh, my! you're not my papa,' she said, trying to free herself from his embrace.

'Yes, I am,' insisted Mr. Pease, holding her tightly. 'You are my long lost daughter, and I am going to keep you right in my arms till I get a policeman.'

When the officer came and found Mr. Pease's diamond pin in the girl's hand he said: 'That's a new trick here.'

'It is?' said Pease. 'Well, it's old in New York.'

Wo Hag to Inquire.

Now that the tobacco dealers have secured the $3,750,000 to pay their rebate of internal revenue tax, it seems a good time to again suggest that the general public—the cigar smoking masses—ought to begin to feel the benefit of the reduction in taxes which went into effect last year. That reduction amounted to 50 per cent. So far none but tobacco manufacturers and dealers have received any benefit. The general public goes on paying the same retail prices as before and getting precisely the same quality of goods. When are we going to see some result of the reduction.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in the Office of Unknown to the Entire Press Reading Public.

(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever given to the public, which took place here in our midst, but just come to our knowledge and will undoubtedly awaken as much surprise and attract as great attention as it has already in newspaper circles. The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 267 Michigan Avenue in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

'I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint allgone sensation in the pit of my stomach, that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughtless for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to bloat fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge and continued to swell until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what.' In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.

'Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had lost all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the straw upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world.'

'You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie,' said the writer who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

'Yes, I think I have,' was the reply, 'and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symtoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late.'

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the *Birmingham Eccentric*, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

'I knew about his sickness,' said the editor, 'and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the *Eccentric* that he could not live until morning. It was marvelous.'

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

'Mr. W. A. Crombie, was a member of my congregation at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle.'

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death, who neglect it.

BARNUM'S sacred elephant is named Toung Taloung.

WOLCOTT, N. Y.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.,

Gents—I have been troubled for the past year with rheumatism, or aching in my limbs, so at times I could scarcely get around. I consulted several physicians and was treated by them, but received no relief or benefit. I commenced taking your Rheumatic syrup, and three bottles cured me entirely. I can most heartily recommend your SYRUP, for it has cured quite a number that I am personally acquainted with. Horace Merrill, of the firm of Merrill & Brosch. As cases of rheumatism or lung trouble in this locality and an insufficient supply of seed in the swine to hold these parasites for subsistence in the direct cause of gapes, and the best known remedy is dashes salt copperas three times a week in soft mash. Keep salt before the swine at all times.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEKLY.

Entered at the Bradford Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

VOL. QUAY'S TARIFF IDEAS.

In an interview with a reporter of the Harrisburg Telegraph one day last week, Col. M. S. Quay expressed himself on the all absorbing subject of the Carroll tax follows:

"If the Democratic party," said Mr. Quay, "were to adhere to the doctrine for free trade, it would rule against the republican party overwhelmingly. By its own admission protection has built up manufactures and industries which employ directly and indirectly at least 4,000,000 people. These people are intelligent and they will not accept the doctrine of free trade. It is contrary to the genius of our institutions and to the spirit of the people.

"But the Democratic party is not a unit in favor of free trade. It would rule against the tariff on wool, for instance, but it would not dare to do away with the duties on woolen goods. It would not dare to do away with the duties on iron and steel. It would not dare to do away with the duties on glass. It would not dare to do away with the duties on coal. It would not dare to do away with the duties on lumber. It would not dare to do away with the duties on sugar. It would not dare to do away with the duties on salt. It would not dare to do away with the duties on hides. It would not dare to do away with the duties on barley. It would not dare to do away with the duties on coal oil. It would not dare to do away with the duties on agricultural implements. It would not dare to do away with the duties on anything that is produced in this country. It would not dare to do away with the duties on anything that is produced in any country that has a tariff on the products of this country. It would not dare to do away with the duties on anything that is produced in any country that has a tariff on the products of

Vol XXI.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Feb 8 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

[illegible]

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—Court closed yesterday.

—The sheriff has a new license of some kind in his office.

—Angelus terms of the quarterly court will commence Monday, February 25

—The hearings of Sidney Fengar were continued last Tuesday at Bradford

—The Rock Oil pond failed to go out with the flood of the past week.

—Don't forget the golden nuggets at Kane's opera house next Monday evening.

—Gordon, the murderer of Ashton will be tried at the next February term.

—Bonner has at this writing not been subpœnaed in this borough within a few days.

—W H Dunn came near drowning his [illegible] while attempting to cross the Kinzua creek lately.

—The republican county committee's address is stated to Chairman Bauman's call published in another column.

—Col J A Iles and wife mourn the loss of their infant daughter, who died last Wednesday morning at Bradford

—Father Beam has the finest team of horses in this county. They are a pair of grays, well matched, and can trot in about 2 40

—Prof H Newton, of Port Allegany, can address the county superintendents of public schools of this county when he comes to town next Saturday

—Hon R Bradley of Kane Township Commissioner, was in town a few minutes on Tuesday last. He will be still good for some 6 or 7 years in looking after his many interests.

—The walks were in order on a couple of days from this morning that to make many get on possible to accommodate the attendance of visitors to different parts of the body

—The coast here is good I hear of such an [illegible] but stopped before about a mile [illegible] sleighing over about a mile [illegible] the ice is two feet thick

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The undersigned would call the attention of the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his newly purchased dairy is fully complete, and that on and after Monday, February 4, he will supply them

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Wm. Ramer.

Smeth port, Pa., Jan. 1, 1884-tf

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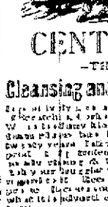

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